

THE
INSTALMENT.

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

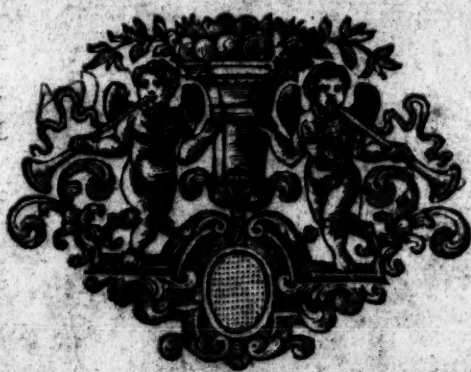
Sir Robert Walpole,

Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Garter.

Quæsitam Meritis.

Hor.

By E. YOUNG, LL.D.



L O N D O N:

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THE

INSTITUTION

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

SIR ROBERT WALPOLE

Knight of the Most Honourable Order of the Garter



George III.

By A. T. O. G. M. D.

L. O. M. D. O. M.

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THE
INSTALMENT.



WITH *Invocations* some their breasts

in flame;

I need no *Muse*, a WALPOLE is my

Theme.

Ye mighty Dead! Ye Garter'd sons of *Praise*!

Our *Morning stars*! our Boast in *former* days!

Which hovering o'er, your purple wings display,

Lur'd by the Pomp, of this distinguisht day,

Stoop,

Stoop, and Attend: by One, the *Knee* be bound;
 One, throw the, *Mantle's* crimson folds around;
 By That, the *Sword* on his proud Thigh be plact;
 This, clasp the *Diamond-Girdle* round his Waist;
 His Breast, with Rays, let just *Godolphin* spread;
 Wife *Burleigh* plant the Plumage on his Head;
 And *Edward* own, since first He fixt the Race,
 None prest fair Glory with a swifter pace.

When Fate would call some mighty Genius forth
 To wake a drooping age to godlike Worth,
 Or aid some favourite King's illustrious Toil,
 It bids his *Blood* with generous ardour boyl;
 His Blood, from Virtue's celebrated source,
 Pour'd down the steep of Time, a lengthen'd course!
 That men *prepar'd* may just Attention pay,
 Warn'd by the Dawn to mark the glorious Day,
 When all the scatter'd Merits of his Line
 Collected to a point, intensely shine.

See,

See, *Britain*, see thy *WALPOLE* shine from far,
His azure Ribbon, and his radiant Star;
A Star that, with auspicious beams, shall guide
Thy Vessel safe, thro' Fortune's roughest tyde.

If *Peace* still smiles, by *this*, shall *Commerce* steer
A finisht course, in triumph, round the Sphere;
And gathering Tribute from each distant shore,
In *Britain's* lap, the world's Abundance pour.

If *War's* ordain'd, *this* Star shall dart its beams
Thro' that black Cloud, which rising from the *Thames*,
With thunder, form'd of *Brunswick's* Wrath, is sent
To *Claim* the Seas, and *Awe* the Continent:
This shall direct it, where the Bolt to throw;
A Star for *Us*, a Comet to the *Foe*.

At this the Muse shall *Kindle*, and *Aspire*:
My breast, O *WALPOLE*, glows with grateful fire
The streams of Royal bounty, turn'd by Thee,
Refresh the dry domains of Poesy.

My fortune shews, when Arts are WALPOLE's care,
 What slender worth forbids us to despair:
 Be this thy partial smile from censure free;
 'Twas meant for *Merit*, tho' it fell on *Me*.

Since *Brunswick's* smile has authoriz'd my Muse,
 Chast be her conduct, and sublime her views.
 False praises are the Whoredoms of the pen,
 Which prostitute fair Fame to worthless men:
 This Prophanation of celestial fire,
 Makes Fools despise, what Wisemen should admire.
 Let those I praise, to distant times be known,
 Not by their *Author's* merit, but their *own*.
 If others think the task is hard, to weed
 From verse, rank Flattery's vivacious seed,
 And rooted-deep; one means *must* set them free;
 Patron! and Patriot! let them sing of Thee.

While vulgar Trees ignobler *Honours* wear,
 Nor Those retain, when Winter chills the Year;
 The generous *Orange*, Favourite of the Sun,
 With vigorous charms can *thro'* the Seasons run;
 Defies

Defies the Storm with her *tenacious* Green;
 And Flowers and Fruits in rival pomp are seen;
 Where blossoms fall, still fairer blossoms spring;
 And midst their Sweets the *Feather'd* poets sing.

On WALPOLE, thus, may pleas'd *Britannia* view
 At once her Ornament, and Profit too;
 The *fruit* of Service, and the *bloom* of Fame,
Matur'd, and gilded by the royal Beam.
 He, when the nipping Blasts of *Envy* rise,
 Its Guilt can pity, and its Rage despise;
 Lets fall no *Honours*, but securely Great
 Unfaded holds the *Colour* of his Fate:
 No Winter knows, tho' ruffling *Factions* press;
 By wisdom deeply *Rooted* in Success;
 * *One* Glory shed, a *brighter* is display'd;
 And the charm'd Muses shelter in his *Shade*.

O how I long, enkindled by the Theme,
 In deep Eternity to launch thy name!

* *Knight of the Bath, and then of the Garter.*

Thy name in view, no Rights of Verse I plead,
But what chaste *Truth* indites, old *Time* shall read.

“ Behold! a man of antient Faith, and Blood,
“ Which, soon, beat high for *arts*, and *publick-good*;
“ Whose Glory *great*, but *natural* appears,
“ The genuine Growth of *services* and *years*;
“ No sudden Exhalation drawn on high
“ And fondly gilt by partial Majesty:
“ One bearing greatest Toils, with greatest ease;
“ One born to *serve* us, and yet born to *please*;
“ Whom, while our Rights in equal scales He lays,
“ The Prince may *trust*, and yet the People *praise*;
“ His Genius ardent, yet his Judgment clear,
“ His Tongue is flowing, and his Heart sincere,
“ His Council guides, his Temper cheers our Isle,
“ And smiling, gives three Kingdoms cause to smile.

Joy then to *Britain*, blest with such a Son;
To WALPOLE Joy, by whom the *Prize* is won;
Who nobly-conscious *meets* the smiles of Fate;
True Greatness lies in daring to be Great.

Let *dastard Souls*, or *Affectation* run
 To shades, nor wear bright Honours fairly won;
 Such men prefer, misled by *false* applause,
 The *Pride* of *modesty* to Virtue's cause.
 Honours, which make the Face of Virtue fair,
 'Tis Great to merit, and 'tis Wise to wear;
 'Tis holding up the Prize to Publick view,
 Confirms Grown Virtue, and inflames the New;
 Heightens the Lustre of *our* age and clime,
 And sheds rich seeds of worth for *future* Time.

Proud Chiefs alone, in fields of Slaughter fam'd,
 Of old, this *azure bloom* of Glory claim'd.
 As when stern *Ajax* pour'd a purple flood,
 The *Violet* rose, fair Daughter of his blood.
 Now rival *Wisdom* dares the Wreath divide,
 And *both Minervas* rise in equal pride;
 Proclaiming loud, a Monarch fills the Throne,
 Who shines Illustrious, not in Wars alone.

Let *Fame* look lovely in *Britannia's* eyes;
 They coldly court Desert, who Fame despise.

For what's *Ambition*, but fair *Virtue's Sail*?
 And what *Applause*, but her propitious *Gale*?
 When swell'd with *that*, she fleets before the wind
 To glorious aims, as to the *Port* design'd;
 When chain'd, without it, to the labouring *Oar*,
 She toils! she pants! nor gains the flying *shore*,
 From her sublime Pursuits, or turn'd aside
 By *blasts* of *Envy*, or by *Fortune's tyde*:
 For One that has succeeded, Ten are lost,
 Of *equal* Talents, e'er they make the Coast.

Then let *Renown* to Worth divine incite
 With all her beams, but throw those beams *aright*.
 Then Merit droops, and Genius downward tends,
 When godlike Glory, like our Land, *descends*.
Custom, the *Garter* long confin'd to Few;
 And gave to *Birth*, exalted *Virtue's* due:
 WALPOLE has thrown the proud Enclosure down;
 And high Desert *embraces* fair Renown.
 Tho' rival'd, let the Peerage *smiling* see
 (Smiling, in Justice to their *own* Degree,)

This proud reward by Majesty bestow'd
 On Worth like *that*, whence first the Peerage flow'd.
 From frowns of Fate *Britannia's* blifs to guard
 Let Subjects *merit*, and let Kings reward.
 Gods are *most* Gods by *giving to excel*;
 And Kings most like them, by *rewarding well*.

Tho' strong the twanging Nerve, and drawn aright,
 Short is the winged Arrow's upward flight;
 But if an Eagle it transfix on high,
 Lodg'd in the wound, it soars into the sky.

Thus while I sing Thee with unequal lays,
 And wound perhaps that Worth I mean to praise;
 Yet I transcend my self, I rise in Fame,
 Not lifted by my Genius, but my Theme.

No more: for in this dread suspense of Fate,
 Now Kingdoms fluctuate, and in dark Debate,
 Weigh Peace and War, now *Europe's* Eyes are bent
 On mighty *Brunswick*, for the Great event,
Brunswick of Kings the Terror or Defence!
 Who dares detain *Thee* at a World's expence?

F I N I S.

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